

How to Fix a Friendship (without using words) by Junigatsu84

Series: Stranger Things: Normal High School Life, Right? [4]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-19

Updated: 2018-02-19

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:09:09

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,149

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Lucas notices Eleven being callous towards Max and confronts El. El confronts her own jealousy and ponders how to fix a friendship she doesn't have yet. One-shot. There may be many different versions of how Eleven and Max interact and make up during the Snow Ball. This is my interpretation. This fits in with my series, "Normal High School Stuff, Right?"

How to Fix a Friendship (without using words)

Mike for the most part, had made his peace with Max after burning the tunnels. Lucas forced an actual apology out of him a few days later. But El was whisked away to the cabin again after the gate closed. That first month, she had to remain at the cabin while the soldiers were clearing out the lab. It was still too dangerous. Mike and El talked every night, but whenever he mentioned Max, she'd get upset. Max got to see him nearly everyday. It was hard not to feel jealous.

This animosity carried over into the Snow Ball. She saw that Max was dancing with Lucas. She knew she didn't have to worry about Max liking Mike. It obviously not the case, but she still couldn't help it. The bitterness was evident when the group was together. El avoided direct eye contact and ignored her for the most part.

Max was getting visibly upset. So, when Max and Mike went to get some fruit punch, Lucas leaned in towards El at the table.

"El, can we talk for a second?"

"Aren't we already?"

"About Max."

She looked away. "Nothing to say."

"Actually, yeah. There is. Why are you treating her like a disease?"

El turned her head, confused.

"It's obvious that you're mad at her. I just want to understand why."

El balled her hands into fists under the table. She didn't want to talk about this. She wanted to focus on having fun with Mike, on being at the Snow Ball together.

"Is it because she's in the party now?"

El blinked her eyes, not looking at Lucas. She was trying to focus on

keeping a stiff upper lip.

“She was how we managed to get to the tunnels that night. She has been nothing but awesome to everyone. What else does she have to prove? Why does she have to prove anything?”

El looked at Lucas, she could see it: the same protective look that she’d seen on Mike so many times. He really did care for her.

El replied, “She doesn’t have to. I’m just mad.”

“Why?”

“She gets to be with you guys every day.” She gritted her teeth. “She gets to go to the arcade with you and over to Will’s. She gets to go to school with you guys. It’s not fair.”

“You don’t hold that against Will, though. Or Jonathan or Nancy.”

She looked down at her hands. She felt guilty. She knew that logically, it wasn’t Max’s fault. She had no reason to hold onto her anger. But it was so hard to let go.

“Max thinks you’re incredible and awesome. You ignoring her affects her; I can tell it hurts her. You don’t have to be friends with her, but give her a chance, at least.”

El nodded. “I’ll try.”

A few moments later, Max and Mike came back with drinks for everyone. Dustin had come back from the dance floor. Will was still sitting on the bleachers with Angela, blushing and holding hands.

Dustin exclaimed, “Are you guys coming on the dance floor or what?”

Mike joked, “Aren’t you worried about messing up your nest?”

Dustin rolled his eyes.

Max laughed, “If they start playing Pat Benatar or The Runaways, then we’ll talk.”

He sat down and gulped down his fruit punch.

They sat at the table and continued to joke around. El was quiet, uncertain of what to do. Max caught El looking at her a few times.

Max leaned over to Lucas, "Did you say something to El?"

"No." He was a terrible liar.

She raised an eyebrow and he gave her that goofy smile.

El stood up and wandered around the room. What was she supposed to do? How could she fix something unspoken? Did she really want to? She looked at the DJ and saw the pile of records. She walked over and started perusing through them. The DJ looked over and jumped.

"Jesus, kid! Don't just sneak up."

She shrugged, "Sorry."

She seemed out of her element and out of place and the DJ couldn't help but feel for her. "You want to request a song, kiddo?"

El nodded. The name Pat Benatar caught her eye. She held up the album.

"Good choice. Haven't played her much tonight. Any particular song?"

"The most badass one."

He laughed, "Coming right up."

El walked back to the table, slightly nervous and excited.

Mike looked over, "Did you just request a song?"

Dustin shook his head and some sweat flew off.

Lucas exclaimed, "DUDE!"

"Sorry! He doesn't take requests. I've already asked."

Drums pounded on the speakers and the beginning guitar riffs soon joined them. Max immediately recognized it as the opening to "Heartbreaker."

"No way! No freakin' way!" She turned to Lucas, who also seemed surprised. She looked back and El who shrugged. Max smiled back. She had no idea what Lucas said to El but she was so happy.

She grabbed Lucas's hand and pulled him up. She looked at Dustin. "Are you coming or what?" He stood up immediately and followed. Mike looked over at El.

"Did you?"

She nodded. "She's a party member now, right?" She still seemed a little hurt.

"As long as you want her to be."

El nodded. "I was jealous of her. Over what she has."

"What's that?"

"Being with you everyday."

"But, you're here now, right? That means you're out of hiding, doesn't it?"

She shook her head. "It's just for tonight. Hopper said that we'd have to wait for about a year before everything calms down."

Mike sighed, "A year."

She nodded.

"Then let's not waste it." He held her hand and brought her out to the dance floor. They stopped by Will and Angela. He asked, "You guys joining us?"

Will was all sorts of red in the face. He nodded his head. They stood up and found the group on the dance floor. Max's hair was flying as she jammed to the music. She seemed loose and completely happy. El

smiled and tried to copy the moves she saw Lucas doing. He moved fairly well to the beat. Unlike Dustin, who was shaking his shoulders, closed eyes, and lip syncing into a pretend microphone. He was ridiculous but she couldn't help but laugh. El didn't feel so weird dancing next to him. Max looked over at El and they shared a smile. It was an unspoken resolution and El was relieved.

Will didn't seem to know whether to dance with just Angela, spinning her around, or in the group. He was overwhelmed and handling it as best as he could. Mike seemed to notice and started forming a circle with the rest of the party, to help him be part of both. They all took turns in the middle showcasing their moves either as couples or individually, laughing at the insanity of it all.